A SAD RESULT.

The days were long, the nights were splendid
We roamed the woodlands side by side,
When sunsets dream with moonrise blended,
We floated out across the tide.
We sang together, gently keeping
Time to the oars' slow rhythmic sweeping.

We were the only two that season
Who came to board. Fate willed it so
For a distinctly special reason,
That later on we learned to know.
And how I prayed that none might find us
Where that sweet solitude enshrined us.

The house was large, the grounds were spacious,
And she and I, we owned it all—
I reveled in the thought; good gracious!
How I enjoyed the empty hall,
The cozy parlor, bright and lonely,
The dinners served for us—us only!

Ah, Fate life's lesson strangely orders,
For now, in thinking of what was,
I wish there had been other boarders,
Because, alas!—ah, yes—because
We've been (to write it makes me wince)
Boarding together ever since!

—Madeline S. Bridges, in Puck.

RESTITUTION.

A Proposed Reform in Criminal Jurisprudence.

The Thief Who Steals Should Reimburse the One He Has Robbed — How the New System Would Work.

From an article in the October number of the Statesman, by Ed. R. Pritchard, the following, embodying its salient features, is taken. The writer says: There are few laws on the statute books of any State in the Union to-day that are in harmony with the spirit of the age in which we live, which have been put there without a fight—I mean it has cost much time and labor, and long, bitter discussion, and they were met with the most determined opposition before they finally became a vital part of the legal code of a commonwealth; especially is this true of those laws which recognize the property rights of women, and which place them on something like an equal footing with men in our courts. So, I assert that progress in law making, that is, in framing wise and beneficent laws suited to the needs of our present civilization, has been slow and tedious. And further, that in almost every instance a proposition to reform a bad, unjust statute, or to make a new one not in conformity to principles laid down in the old common law books, has come from those outside of the legal profession; while, as a rule, the most uncompromising and bigoted opposition to such measures has come from those within that profession, and, not unfrequently, from those highest in it, those wearing the judicial ermine.

In framing a penal statute the most essential part of it is its penal feature, that is, the punishment which it inflicts. It matters not so much the procedure, the exact form of trial, whether by judge, jury or associate bench, but the penalty is all important. It might be well to say too that to-day the rights of a person charged with a felony, so far as a fair and impartial hearing, the right of challenge, the admission of testimony, etc., are well guarded. This is eminently right and just. It is not with this working of criminal law that we are finding fault. Nor is it with the modes of punishment now in vogue, save that of the death penalty; but in the fact that penalties as now inflicted by criminal procedure in our courts fall short of the ends of complete justice. Of course I understand that any violation of a penal code is taken as an offense against the State rather than against the individual wronged. But I do insist that complete justice should take into consideration the citizen who is wronged by the law breaker and should therefore include in the punishment inflicted *restitution* to the former.

A thief enters my house and carries away, we will say, property to the value of one thousand dollars. A few days later he is apprehended. In the meantime he has effectually disposed of the stolen goods. I am put to the trouble, and usually some personal expense, of prosecuting him. He is found guilty and sent to State's prison for five years. I have the satisfaction of knowing that this particular thief or burglar is not likely to trouble me again soon, but does that restore to me my lost property?

But suppose the State put this offender to work, hiring him out as convicts are now let, but at a price that will pay the State for his keeping and a small surplus for each day he works; when this sum amounts to the value of the goods he has stolen, then let the State reimburse me for my loss and give the convict his liberty. This would be complete justice—"a punishment that fits the crime" and gives *full restitution* to the wronged party.

Were such a system as this in vogue there would be but few cases of compounding a felony. To-day, as is well known, one of the most serious obstacles, at times, in the way of punishing a criminal, and especially in cases of arson, theft and embezzlement, is the willingness of the injured parties to forego a prosecution in order to secure the return of a part or all of the stolen or lost property; in other words to obtain what the law now fails to give, restitution.

This system, too, would hold good in crimes of all classes from that of a petty larceny to murder. What better or more fitting punishment for him who takes human life than that he should be compelled to labor the remainder of his days, and his earnings be applied towards the support of those who may have been left dependent on the one he has murdered. Any commonwealth can furnish its convicts with employment on this basis. If not on public works, such as canals, bridges and buildings, then by hiring them out, as is now done, only for a little more money.

Another advantage of this would be to raise the price of convict labor, and consequently to advance the price of the products of penitentiary labor, which are now produced so cheaply as to force honest laborers to work in many instances for almost starvation wages. All over the land to-day, honest men, who are industrious, law-abiding citizens, are crying out against this, to them, ruinous competition of convict labor.

A large boot and shoe manufacturer contracts with the great State of Illinois for one hundred convicts at eighty-seven and one-half cents per day per man, puts his machinery into the prison and sets them to work. He has also a factory in Chicago where he employs, perhaps, two hundred men, boys and girls. He forces them into competition with his prison-paid labor and compels them to accept wages that will barely keep soul and body together, and all because he is able to hire convict labor so much cheaper than he can get honest workmen. The reader will perhaps agree with me that the man who wants to be honest and respectable, who desires to live a free and upright life, can not compete with the man who does not, and who by violating the laws of the land becomes a convict and a slave of the State. The latter pays no rent, pays no board, has no clothes to buy, has no position in society to sustain, and, above all, has not the disposition of his own time, nor any thing to say concerning the wages he shall receive for his labor; while the former has all these, except the last, and here in effect, the State, which ought to protect and encourage honest industry, steps in to reduce the honest mechanic to practically the same level with the convict. But the Restitution System would do away with this.

Another point in its favor: It would tend to discourage the commission of this class of crimes. Under our present system a man steals say ten thousand dollars; he is sent to the penitentiary for six years, which would be considered a pretty severe sentence. He serves his time and comes out nearly ten thousand dollars ahead; supposing of course he has saved his money, or rather some other man's money. Let us, on the other hand, suppose that he knew that a theft of ten thousand dollars would mean, if he were caught and punished, a sentence at hard labor for life, at fifty cents a day, that money all to go towards reimbursing those he has robbed. Would he not hesitate to incur such a fate? This system would, I believe, almost completely abolish petty thieving; would most effectively stifle the ambitions of a large class of our criminals, such as house-breakers, footpads, till-tappers and sneak-thieves. A theft of one hundred dollars would mean to them, perhaps, a year's hard labor, at the end of which time they would have been compelled to make full restitution.

In cases where the stolen property has been recovered the same system could still be employed, the convict's earnings going to the State instead of to the injured party.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

If a Thing Is Not Perfect, It Is Certainly Not Good Enough.

Nothing is good enough that is not as good as it can be made. The verdict "good enough," says a well-known writer, which in boyhood passes the defective task, will become "bad enough" when the habit of inaccuracy has spread itself over the life.

"You have planed that board well, have you, Frank?" asked a carpenter of an apprentice.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It don't need to be very well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it."

"It will not do if it is not planed as neatly and as smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best and most conscientious workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very neat and orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"Well, I thought it was good enough for back there where things can not be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant, sharply, and then added, in a kinder tone: "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'"

The girls who don't sweep in the corners or dust under things, and the boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will "do" if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life because the habit of inaccuracy has become a part of their characters.

The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as it was when first spoken, and it will always be true.—Youth's Companion.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

"Better keep a good place while you've got it," said the boss. "You are entirely unskilled, and you have been so improvident, eating up all your wages from day to day, that you have nothing to fall back on if you don't get work."

"Well," replied Mr. Fassett, "if I can't get work for somebody else, I guess I can hunt for worms and corn on my own account, can't I?"

"Yes, if you can find a place to hunt for them."

"Must be plenty of places. Why, I know all this country. Its full of cornfields, and I'm a poor sort of a crow if I can't scratch up enough to live on."

The boss crow was astonished at Mr. Fassett's simplicity.

"Why," said he, "there ain't a cornfield in a day's flight where you'll be allowed to scratch. I hire this field; that one belongs to another crow; that one yonder to another; that one to a crow corporation, and so on. The trouble is that this country is crowded with crows."

"I used to think so myself," said Mr. Fassett, "and I hired a man to shoot them; but since I've been a crow it doesn't seem to me that there are very many. Why, I never see any flock but ours in this field?"

"Of course you don't. I have to pay old Roger Rook a good round sum for this field, and I would be a fool to let anybody but my own crows come here. And if you ain't going to work for me—"

"Who is Roger Rook?" Qui interrupted.

"Roger Rook! Roger Rook! Don't know Roger Rook!" exclaimed Qui's boss in astonishment. "Well, I declare! Why, Roger Rook belongs to one of the best families. He can trace his ancestry back ever so far. He owns all the best nest building trees in that forest, he and Jim Crow, and he owns corn fields till you can't rest. Inherited them, you know. But say, if you ain't going to work for me any longer I want you to leave my property. I don't allow any tramps around here."

"Well," said Mr. Fassett, firmly, "I've had enough of this, and I shall leave."

"Where'll you roost to-night?" asked the boss. "Can't let you stay in my tree, you know."

"I'll find a roost," replied Mr. Fassett; and saying good-bye in a friendly way to his boss, he rose upward and soared away.

"In my eye, you'll find a place to roost," croaked the boss, as he returned to his work of superintending the operations of the flock in his field.

After flying till he was tired, he headed for a large tree in the middle of the forest. To his surprise he found its branches filled with crows. They looked suspiciously at him, and he overheard occasionally a word that sounded like "spy." For a time no crow came near him; but after a while one old fellow walked toward him sideways along the limb of the tree.

"Where'd you come from?" the stranger asked.

"Just gave up a job," replied Qui.

"What at?" the other persisted.

"Watching a worm preserve."

"Why'd you give it up?"

"Got tired working for another fellow for grub and roost," said Qui.

The conversation continued cautiously for a time on the part of the stranger, but after awhile with greater freedom. Qui found that this was a meeting of crows, who, like himself, had quit working because they were not satisfied with the pay. They had managed among them to make up a little pile of corn, with part of which they hired the tree where they were roosting, living on the remainder.

"But our funds won't hold out long," said the old crow, "and as there are so many crows out of a job I am afraid we shall have to give in and go to work."

"Why do you want funds?" Qui asked.

"Why do we want funds?" exclaimed the old crow. "Well, we want funds because we've got to have something to eat and a place to roost."

"Surely you don't need funds on that account. You can scratch for worms and corn, can't you?"

"Some of us can, but some of us only know how to build nests. Some can't even do that; they have gathered nest materials all their lives, and others have done nothing but make up the materials for the builders."

"That's right," said Fassett. "I think I can get you out of your trouble. Now, if you ——"

"Hold on!" interrupted the old crow in excitement. "Hold on! Hallo, fellows, I say, here's a chap what says he can get us out of our fix. Shall we let him in and hear what he has to say?"

"What's his line?" was croaked from the crowd.

"Used to watch a worm preserve," responded the old chap.

"Naw, we don't want any o' them detective thugs among us."

Qui's new chum went among the flock, leaving Qui alone. There was a great commotion and croaking, but the old crow carried his point and Qui was invited in.

"You musn't think," said Qui "that I've got any new fangled inventions. I have only a single suggestion to make, and I don't understand why it hasn't occurred to you long ago. Perhaps it's because you are used to this sort of thing and I am not. Now this old crow tells me you are in great distress because you have lost your work and haven't any worms or corn, and when your lease on this tree expires you won't have any place to roost. At the same time he tells me that some of you know how to scratch for grub, that others know how to gather nest materials, others know how to make up the materials, and others know how to build nests. What more do you want?"

"Mr. Chairman," croaked a crow of tender years on the edge of the crowd, "does this fool think we can scratch for grub without a field to scratch in, or build a nest without a limb to build it on?"

"I was just about to speak of that," Fassett went on. "I was going to ask. 'What more do you want than trees and fields?'"

"That's so; that's all we want," said some one in the flock.

"Well, there are plenty of trees and fields—a good many more than enough for all the crows that have ever lived since the flood," said Fassett.

"Maybe so," interrupted an intelligent looking crow, "but they're too far away and in a bad climate. Some of our folks emigrated there last year and had to come back."

"I don't mean away off there," Fassett replied, "I mean right here. This forest is full of trees in which there isn't a single crow's nest, and on each side of it there are cornfields full of worms in which you won't find more than one small flock of crows. Why don't you go to work scratching in these fields and building nests in these trees?"

"We can't pay the rent!" was the reply in chorus.

"Why should you pay rent? Haven't you as much right to scratch in these fields and build nests in these trees as any other crow?"

For a little while there was silence. Every crow was thinking. The quiet was broken by a voice from above: "Agitator! Socialist! Com-*mew*-nist! Robber! Thief!" it croaked.

Qui looked up and saw an angry crow, whose feathers were tipped with red. "That's Roger Rook's chaplain," said Qui's chum under his breath.

Just then there was a great croaking among the flock at the appearance of another crow with red-tipped wings. To him the whole situation was explained, and turning to Qui he said:

"My friend, I believe you are right. There are plenty of trees and plenty of corn fields here, and no crow need be hungry or without a nest. But some of these crows with the devil in them have called these trees and cornfields theirs, and the police keep other crows off, and so most of our crows have to work for other crows for almost nothing or starve. It's a shame and a sin, and if our impoverished crows knew their rights they would stop it."

"But, Father Caw," one of the crows asked, "you would pay Roger Rook, and Jim Crow, and the rest of the crows that own fields and trees, wouldn't you?"

"If I could," said Father Caw indignantly, "I would confiscate every field and tree without one barleycorn of compensation to their miscalled owners."

The anger of Roger Rook's chaplain when he heard this was beyond description.

"We'll see about that, you villain! we'll see about that!" he fairly shrieked as he flew away. Pretty soon he returned with a crow whose breast was covered with red, followed by flock after flock, an immense throng of crows, all croaking and screaming, "They want to rob us!" "Call the police!" "Kill the anarchists!" "Society is in danger!" "Com-mew-nists!" and so on.

The crow with the red breast was very mild of manner toward Father Caw. "Such sentiments as Roger Rook's chaplain reports to me are unworthy of you, Father Caw," he said. "There must be a mistake. Surely you would not take away a crow's property and let any other crow use it. Think of the labor that has been spent in building crows' nests in these trees and in gathering grub of different kinds. It would be robbery to take these away from their owners without pay."

"I did not say that, your redness," replied Father Caw, humbly. "I said I would take away the trees and fields and let all crows use them to scratch for grub and build nests."

"But it is the same thing," his redness responded. "No crow would scratch for worms if he didn't own the field, nor build nests if he didn't own the tree."

"Yes, he would," Qui interrupted. "My boss didn't own the field; he only hired it, and not one of his flock had any interest in it."

His redness glanced superciliously at Qui, and Roger Rook's chaplain exclaimed, "What impudence!" at the same time twisting his neck first one way and then the other for the approval of the crowd.

When the excitement caused by Qui's interruption had subsided, Father Caw said:

"Your redness, it is not necessary to own a forest of trees for the purpose of building nests in one. See all these empty trees, and see these poor creatures without nests! Nor is it necessary to own a whole corn-field in order to scratch for grub. See all the corn-fields in our region—how few crows are allowed to scratch in them—and see these famished crows! It is one thing to own the grub you scratch, and another to own the field in which you find the grub. It is one thing to own the nest you build and another to own the tree in which you build it, or worse, to own empty trees in which you allow no other crow to build. Crows make nests and scratch for grub, but crows neither make trees nor plant grub!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Buttermilk Pies: One pint buttermilk, one cup sugar, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls flour, one tablespoonful of butter. Flavor to taste.

—Sponge Cake: One pound of sugar, one of flour, ten eggs. Beat the yelks of the egg and the sugar until perfectly light; beat the whites of the eggs and add them to the flour; flavor with lemon. Three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder may be added to the flour if the cake be liked very dry, but it never fails without.—Demorest's Monthly.

—English Biscuits: One and a half pints of flour, one coffeecupful of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, large tablespoonful of lard, one egg, half pint of milk, half cupful of currents, one tablespoonful of coriander seed. Sift dry ingredients together; rub in lard cold; add eggs, milk, currants and seeds. Mix into dough soft enough to handle. Roll half inch thick. Cut out and bake twenty minutes.—Housekeeper.

—Pigeon Pate: Chop half a pound of fat salt pork; put it into a stewpan and let it fry until well fried out; then add three pigeons cut in quarters, a teaspoonful of chopped onion, a tablespoonful of chopped carrot, salt, pepper and a very little sage; just cover the whole with water, and boil until the pigeons are tender; line a pie dish with thin pie crust and put in the pigeons; add a tablespoonful of butter and sufficient flour to thicken the gravy, and pour it in; cover the whole with a crust brush; the outside with beaten egg, and bake moderately about an hour; be sure to make a deep incision in the top crust.—Boston Herald.

—Slippitie (a German dish one hundred years old): Two quarts of pared, quartered and cored sweet apples; boil until tender. Thicken the juice with a tablespoonful of flour smoothly mixed with cold water. Keep hot. Have ready a kettle with three quarts of boiling water, into which stir wheat flour until thick as corn-meal mush. Boil three minutes. Brown a handful of fine bread crumbs in butter in a spider. With a large spoon drop one spoonful at a time in the browned crumbs, turning it over, and place on a hot platter, dipping the spoon each time in water, so it will slip off easily. Dish the apples in a separate dish and send both to the table hot, to be eaten together.—Good Housekeeping.

STYLES IN STATIONERY.

The Proper Thing in Note Paper and in Visiting Cards.

Styles in stationery have not materially changed from last season, though some of the distinctions are a little more marked. New varieties of note paper, with florid decorations, eccentric dimensions and conspicuous tintings, are produced, but fail to become standard. The most elegant as well as genteel paper sold is a heavy cream white sheet folding once into a square envelope. This sheet may have a rough finish, and the curiously-mottled appearance of coarse wrapping paper, by the irregular arrangement of water lines, when it is known as Grecian antique. It may be smoothly finished, with no gloss and very heavy and silky in texture, when it is called "kid finished." It may have a rough cloth finish, or a peculiar rough effect, known as "parchment vellum." Quite the latest paper used is a so-called "etching paper," which has a rough surface with various irregular depressions, and rougher still, almost like Bristol board, is the so-called handmade parchment. A new variety of paper has broad water lines stamped across the paper horizontally, and diagonally applied to the envelope.

The same styles, too, are carried out in the thin lined papers for those who like a thin paper for the purpose of letter-writing. In all notes of invitation or regret and formal correspondence the heavier varieties are employed. The one new tint produced this year is a very delicate violet shade, which is sometimes used by æsthetic people. Another shade known as azure, which is in reality a dull soft blue, is also somewhat popular; dull stone color and chocolate are also sometimes seen, but the conservative woman of good taste selects always a plain cream-tinted paper. At the top of the page, and in the center instead of the corner, is her address stamped in colored letters, surmounted by her monogram or coat of arms if she has one. The monograms are much more used this season than they have been previously, and the fancy is to stamp them in embossed letters colored with metalic colors. The three initials in script are sometimes used instead of the monogram. For ordinary use the letters and accompanying monograms are of a clear scarlet or blue, printed smoothly upon the paper.

Gentlemen's visiting cards are a trifle longer and quite as narrow as those of last year, and have the address in the lower left-hand corner. The lady's visiting card is large, square and imposing, and engraved in large script, especially if the name is a short one.

Wedding invitations are in every respect the same, engraved on a sheet, note size, which folds once to be inclosed in the envelope. This envelope contains sometimes three cards besides the invitation proper—the card to be presented at the church door, another for the reception at the house and a third which may give the future at-home day of the bride. A card is sometimes used for church weddings indicating the hour and place at which the bridal party take the train, and which is practically an invitation to see them off on the wedding journey.—N. Y. Sun.